

P S

2545

P33



"**I**n the Presence,"

AND OTHER VERSES.

By the author of "China Forever," etc.

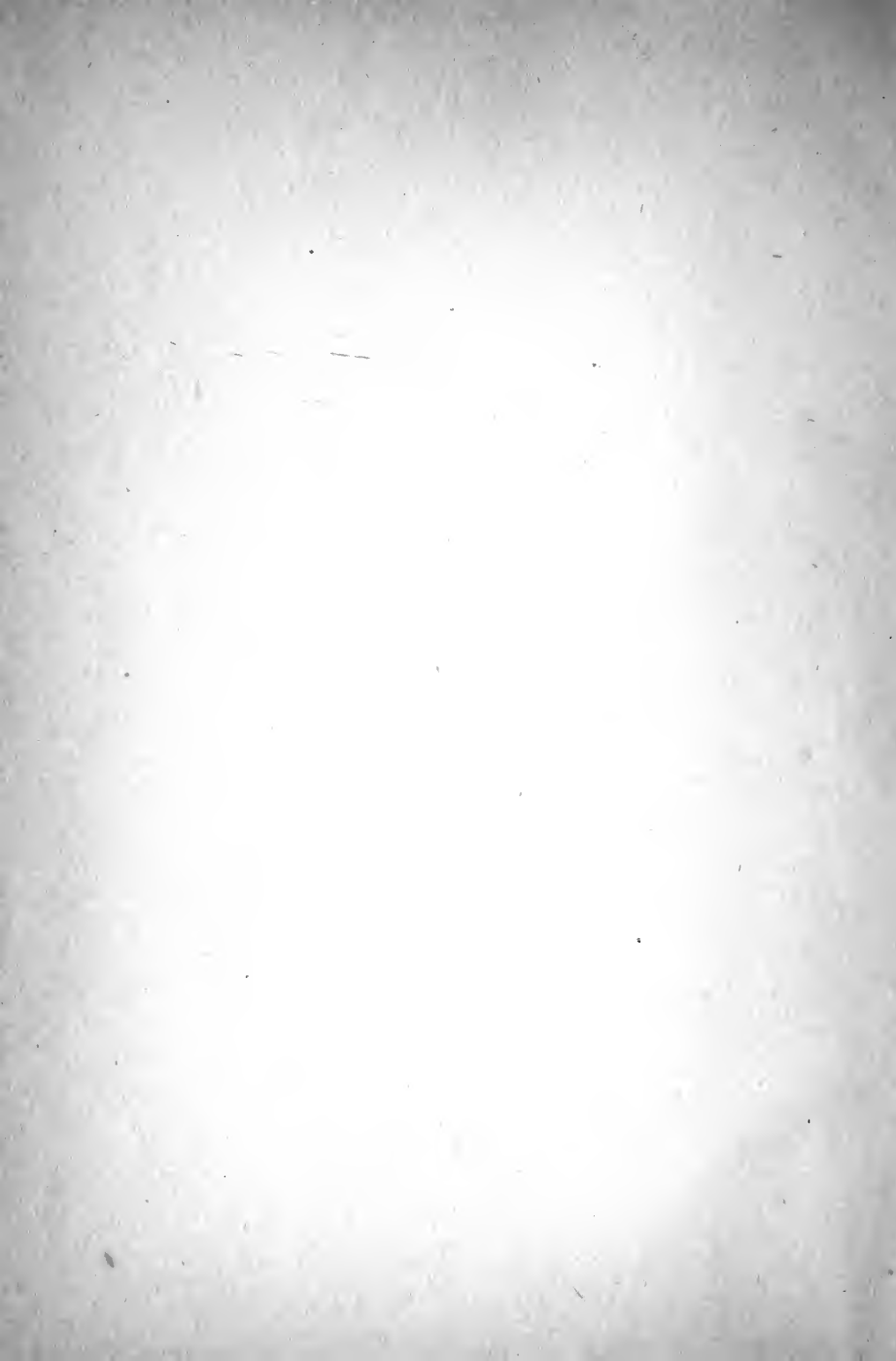
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PS2545

Chap. Copyright No.

Shelf .P33

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





“**I**n the Presence,”

AND OTHER VERSES.

BY THE AUTHOR

OF

*Thine Forever, The Life of Our Lord in the Words
of the Four Evangelists, etc.*

NEW YORK :
THOMAS WHITTAKER,
2 & 3 Bible House.
1889.



PS 2545
P33

Copyrighted, 1889,
BY
THOMAS WHITTAKER.

12-34548

21/12
1-5.11.20.28/12

“IN THE PRESENCE,”

AND OTHER VERSES.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
<i>Be on the Watch for Jesus.....</i>	13
<i>Blessed are They who Have Not Seen.....</i>	21
<i>Christ and the Church.....</i>	67
<i>Communion.....</i>	33
<i>Heavenward.....</i>	15
<i>He is Faithful and Just to Forgive.....</i>	43
<i>He Loves Me.....</i>	24
<i>He Must Increase but I Must Decrease.....</i>	46
<i>Hymn for Whitsuntide.....</i>	36
<i>In the Presence.....</i>	7
<i>It is the Spirit that Quickeneth.....</i>	19
<i>I Will Be as the Dew unto Israel.....</i>	10
<i>Live Out Thy Life Within Me.....</i>	56
<i>Love's Quickening.....</i>	52
<i>Mine Eyes are Ever Toward the Lord.....</i>	39

CONTENTS—Continued.

	PAGE.
<i>My Father's Will</i>	62
<i>My Heart</i>	59
<i>My Life for Jesus</i>	30
<i>None of Self, and All of Thee</i>	41
<i>The Abiding Presence</i>	71
<i>The Brooding Spirit</i>	54
<i>The Inner Sanctuary</i>	65
<i>The Spirit Lusteth Against the Flesh</i>	26
<i>Union with Christ</i>	49

In the Presence.

CALM and still, calm and cool,
Like a clear and crystal pool,
Make my spirit now to be,
So Thy power may work in me.
All uneasiness allay,
Care and fret take Thou away,
Bid all restlessness to cease,
Hush my spirit into peace.

Into those dear Hands of Thine,
Everything I now resign;
All my work, and all my cares,
All of those who need my prayers,
Every weight that doth oppress,
Every thought of bitterness,
This whole wayward self I lay
In Thine arms, O Christ, to-day!

Thou dost say, "All thine are Mine;"
I accept this word Divine,
And, relieved, in peaceful rest,
Lay me down upon Thy breast,
Letting go my weary hold
Of the burdens manifold
That upon my spirit press,
Tempting me to carefulness.

Now, from every weight set free,
Restful, turns my mind to Thee;
E'en as plant absorbs the air,
Drink I in the atmosphere
Of Thy PRESENCE, which, in love,
All around, within, above,
Presses, fills, sustains, controls,
In its tenderness enfolds,
With its gentle breath doth calm,
Pouring in a heavenly balm,
And, by soothing, doth subdue,
Mould, and quicken, and renew.

Night and day, night and day,
Let me in this PRESENCE stay;
May it compass me around,
As it were, with holy ground;
Never from its influence pure
Let the subtle Tempter lure;
Let me learn to nestle there,
Only breathe this heavenly air,
In unbroken flow receive
All the grace Thou hast to give,
And accept my rightful place
In Thy fond and close embrace.

Thou in me, the Source of power,
Thou for me from hour to hour;
Thou, the Light and Life Divine,
Meeting every need of mine;
Thou, in Kingly Majesty,
Facing every enemy;
Thou, the pure, Eternal Word,
In me SATISFYING GOD!

7

“I Will Be as the Dew unto Israel.”

His allowance was a *continual* allowance, given him of the King.—
II. KINGS xxv., 30.

RECEIVE Him as the dew into thy heart,
O thirsty one, who long His grace hath
sought ;

Dew forms in stillness ; struggle not, nor strive ;
What thou dost need to learn is to *receive*.

The air surrounding thee is full of God ;
With love and life and blessing for thee stored ;
Get cool and quiet, and the dew will fall ;
A little at a time—not once for all.

Drop after drop, unceasing and unseen,
The Dew of Heaven thy heart will enter in ;
Moment by moment learn thou to receive ;
Drops of refreshing 'tis His plan to give.

This is His way in all things; 'tis His will
To work by steady, gentle means; until
The plant in nature, and the soul in grace,
By evermore receiving, grow apace.

He all the while surrounds thee; thou dost need
Only to breathe Him in, thy soul to feed;
To see Him in His Word, from day to day;
Himself thy sweet provision by the way.

To take, not now and then, but all the time,
The *drops* He offers thee of grace sublime—
Will set thee farther on thy heavenward way,
Than—scorning these—for showers to wait and
pray.

When, by the silent dew and gentle rain,
Thy fallow ground be softened to retain
The showers of grace thy thirsting soul doth
crave—
Those showers, in rich abundance, thou shalt
have.

Meanwhile, take what He gives—content there-
with;

Nor fail to *trust*; else fails thy soul to *breathe*;
And so, for lack of air, doth faint and moan,
Its priceless heritage of gladness gone.

O thou o'er whom God yearns with tenderest
love!

Whom He is training for His Home above—
Rise to His thought—to what He means for
thee!

Lest His all-glorious purpose hindered be.

Be on the Watch for Jesus.

I stand continually upon the watch-tower in the daytime.—Is. xxi., 8.

BE on the watch for Jesus !
Hear what He hath to say
From hour to hour; and He will shed
His light upon thy way.
For every swift-winged moment
His messenger shall be,
Bearing within its narrow bounds,
Some word from Him to thee.

Be on the watch for Jesus,
And thou shalt learn to trace
His faithfulness, when clouds conceal
The brightness of His Face.
And in the humble path assigned
By His dear Hand to thee,
Shall room be found to know thy Lord,
And serve acceptably.

Be on the watch for Jesus !

Be careful lest thou miss
One tiny token of His love,
His Presence, or His grace.
He toucheth thee at every point,
In common things, or rare ;
Go forth to meet Him, dearest Heart !
Thou'lt find Him everywhere.

Be on the watch for Jesus !

Until thy vision keen
Grow quick to recognize His form,
To other eyes unseen.
O keep thy heart for Him alone,
And so shalt thou abide
Beneath His shadow, with His love
Forever satisfied.

Heavenward !

"THIS one thing I do, FORGETTING those things which are behind, and REACHING FORTH UNTO those things which are before, I press toward the mark."—PHIL. iii., 13, 14.

RISE! thou Child of Heavenly Birth!
Rise o'er all things here on earth;
Triumph over sin and pain,
Over worldly loss and gain,
Over earthliness and pride—
Let thy heart in heaven reside;
Rise o'er self—thy deadliest foe—
Rise o'er weariness and woe,
O'er discouragement and fear,
O'er depression—dark and drear—
Rise o'er things that sting and fret,
Dwell not on them, but forget;
Let no hindrance thee impede;
Press thou forward! pay no heed
To the ills which hourly rise,
And would draw thee from the skies.

Let the world at all times see
What a child of God should be ;
Let it find thee brave to bear,
Cheerful in the midst of care,
Patient in enduring wrong,
Like thy Saviour—suffering long ;
Calm in peril and distress,
Tasting of a happiness
Even then, to it unknown,
Which God giveth to His own ;
Let it see thy heart's not here,
By thy conduct make this clear ;
By a spirit heavenward bent,
On the " things of God " intent ;
By a deep, unruffled peace,
Though thine earthly cares increase ;
Let it see what Christ can prove
To the soul that trusts His love,
And take knowledge (wonder-awed)
Of thy likeness to thy Lord.

His thou art—His ONLY be !
Hold thyself unfettered, free,
To obey His least command ;
Never let Him waiting stand
While, unmindful of His will,
Thou *thy* pleasure dost fulfill ;
And, with self pre-occupied,
Thought of Him dost cast aside ;
Dwell on high in God's own light ;
Let not sin conceal thy right
To His love—in Christ made known ;
Claim that love ! it is thine own ;
Claim the pardon sealed to thee
By the Cross of Calvary ;
Claim the gifts to thee secured
By His precious, *precious* Blood—
Thine His righteousness to plead,
Thine His help in hour of need,
Thine the brightness of His Face,
Thine His Spirit's power and grace,

Thine the victory over sin—
Leaning on His Arm—to win;
Thine the portion of a child
Loved, restored, and reconciled;
Thine HIS PRESENCE in the hour
Of affliction's crushing power;
Thine HIMSELF whilst here thou roam,
Thine at last His Heavenly Home!

“It is the Spirit that Quickeneth.”

QUICKENING Spirit, quicken me;
Work within me mightily!
Rouse from dullness, urge to prayer,
Lift me into purer air.
Fill me with a hunger keen
For the heavenly things unseen;
With a mighty purpose fire,
Heavenward, Godward, to aspire.

Make my being all anew,
With Thy love my soul imbue;
Into all Thou'dst have me be,
Mighty Spirit, change Thou me.
Change from human to Divine,
Every thought and word of mine;
Till each act and look and tone
Shall proceed from Thee alone.

Unto thee I now resign
This great work, for it is Thine,
Let me leave it, Lord, with Thee,
From all further care be free ;
Quiet, satisfied, at rest,
By the peace of God possessed ;
Careful only to obey
Every word that Thou shalt say.

“Blessed are They who Have Not Seen and
Yet Have Believed.”

C HILD of Mine, I love thee ;
Listen now to Me,
And make answer truly
While I question thee ;—
For I see that shadows
Do thy soul oppress,
And thy faith so weaken
That I cannot bless.

Thou hast craved My power
And Presence in thy soul ;
Wilt thou yield thee truly
Unto My control ?
Wilt thou let Me ever
With thee have My way ?
Yield thyself in all things
Simply to obey ?

Though My Presence oft times
Seem to be withdrawn,
Of My inward working
Not a trace be shown—
Wilt thou count Me present
Notwithstanding all;
Still believe I'm moving
Ever in thy soul?

When I give to others
What I thee deny;
Flood them with My sunshine,
Wholly pass thee by—
Wilt thou still believe in
My strong love for thee;
Yield thee to My purpose,
Whatsoe'er it be?

When I to thy pleading
Seem no heed to pay;
And thy foes, grown bolder,
Claim thee as their prey—

Though toward thee I'm silent,
Wilt thou stand the test ;
On My word of promise
Lay thee down to rest ?

If to these My questions
Thou canst answer "Yes,"
Thou shalt be forever
One I love to bless.
To the inner circle
Of My favored few,
Shalt thou be admitted,
And My glory view.

He Loves Me !

HE loves me ! be the cheering thought
With every hour of life inwrought ;
My element, my atmosphere,
The antidote to every care.

He loves me ! let this furnish wings
To rise above the countless things
Which hold my spirit earthward-bound,
When it would soar to heights beyond.

He loves me ! never let me wear
An anxious look, or know a fear ;
What care should cloud, what shadow dim,
The brow of one beloved of Him ?

He loves me ! loves me all apart
From what I feel in this poor heart ;
One with His own, that heart must be
Partaker of His purity.

He loves me ! I, in Him, am fair ;
His own sure Word doth this declare ;
Then let me keep that Word in view ;
Count it—and not my feelings—true.

He loves me ! need I aught beside
Such love as Thine, O Crucified ?
I stand aloof—I doubt no more,
But yield me to it, and adore !

“ The Spirit Lusteth Against the Flesh.”

From whence come wars and fightings ? Come they not of your lusts which war in your members ?—JAS. iv., 1.

The kingdom of Heaven is like unto a man which sowed good seed in his field ; but while men slept, his enemy came, and sowed tares among the wheat. . . . The enemy that sowed them is the Devil.—MATT. xiii., 24, 25, 39.

When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him (Margin, put him to flight).—ISA. lix., 19.

O thou Sword of the Lord, how long will it be ere Thou be quiet ?

How *can* it be quiet, seeing the Lord hath given it a charge against Ashkelon ?—JER. xlvii., 7.

That Spirit which He made to dwell in us, yearneth for us even unto jealous envy.—JAS. iv., 5. (Rev. ver., Margin.)

The Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.—ROM. viii., 26.

O GOD, within my longing heart
Thy Spirit's groanings see—
His voiceless yearnings—and impart
More of Thyself to me !

O why these yearnings, why this pain,
This strife beyond compare ?
Cannot He *rest* my heart within,
Abide in stillness there ?

* * * * *

"How *can* I rest, O earth-bound heart,
Or dwell content in thee,
While 'fleshly lusts' forever thwart
My schemes to set thee free ?

"Longings thou hast, inspired of Me,
Which urge thee heavenward ;
Yet, stronger still—indulged by thee—
Longings for earthly good.

"O stir thyself ! Do thou thy part !
Rise to a higher plane ;
No dearer love must claim thy heart
If GOD thou wouldst obtain."

* * * * *

O mighty Spirit ! "lust" yet more
"Against the flesh" in me ;
Wage to the death Thy heavenly war,
And gain the victory !

I'll ask not that Thou whisper "Peace,"
 When there's *no* peace within ;
 Or slightly heal the sore disease
 Whose source is cherished sin ;

But that Thy voice, like trumpet shrill,
 May through my soul resound,
 And reach and stir and rouse and thrill
 Its hidden depths profound ;

That Thy two-edgèd sword of might
 Its "charge" may now fulfill,
 And put the enemy to flight,
 And bid the foe be still ;

That me with fire Thou shalt baptize,
 My soul refine and clear ;
 And be my wings, wherewith to rise
 To higher, holier sphere.

O God, from earth, away, away,
Draw every thought and sense !
Let naught my spirit's progress stay ;
From all things call it hence.

With speed immortal wing its course
Thy nearer Face to see ;
To closer union with its Source,
To deeper depths in Thee.

Upward, still upward, soaring high,
Its unchecked progress be ;
Upward, still upward ! its calm eye
Unwavering, fixed on Thee.

O draw Thou with resistless force
My being into Thine ;
Till, merged in Thee—its Centre, Source—
'Tis lost in the Divine !

My Life for Jesus

O JESUS, for the love of Thee,
Who gav'st Thyself, Thy life, for me—
Without reserve, without delay,
I give myself to Thee away ;
Henceforth to lavish on my Lord
The ointment of a life restored,
At cost beyond all thought of mine,
To light and blessedness Divine.
O let no rival ever dare
The homage of this heart to share
With Thee, my sweet, sweet Lord, or claim
The love that toward Thy precious Name,
Unmingled, pure, should ever rise,
As fragrant incense, to the skies ;
But, by Thy Spirit's glorious might,
Draw out of me, by day, by night—
All that remains of self, or sin,
Or worldliness, my heart within ;

Then, as with overwhelming flood,
Flow in Thyself, my King, my Lord;
Take full possession of Thy Throne,
And hold it for Thyself alone!

O be my heart forever freed
From spot and stain! Take Thou the lead
In all things, whether great or small,
And keep me under strict control.
By Thy blest Spirit move with power
Upon *my* spirit, hour by hour,
Now—yea, and always—holding me,
Alone, or when in company,
By Thy most sweet, restraining grace,
In conscious sight of Thy dear Face;
In holy stillness, that each word
Dropped from Thy lips be plainly heard:
In closest union with Thy will,
Thy thought in all things to fulfill;
In sweet, continual fear of Thee,
Thy Presence, and Thy Majesty.

With Thy pure Spirit's fostering power
Brood over me each passing hour ;
Now lift me on the wings of prayer,
Above the earth, to purer air,
And fill me with desires untold
Thy Face yet clearer to behold ;
Now plead in me with mighty prayer
For those who need Thee everywhere,
And to the Christ within me win
Unnumbered souls from ways of sin ;
Then flow Thou with resistless force—
My heart enlarging in Thy course—
Through my whole being, glorious, free,
To distant lands that wait for Thee,
And make Thy grace and glory known,
And win rare jewels for Thy crown.

Communion.

MASTER, dearest Master, from the world
aside

Turn I for a season, in Thine arms to hide.

Chase away each shadow 'twixt my soul and
Thine ;

Let me gaze unhindered on Thy Face divine.

Measureless, eternal, is Thy love for me,

Thy long patience bearing my infirmity ;

Let that love illumine all my soul within,

And dispel the shadows born of self and sin.

Nearer, ever nearer, draw me Lord, to Thee ;

Till, from Thine own standpoint, everything I
see,

Till, by hourly contact with Thy purity,

I reflect Thine image—grow to be like Thee.

Lift me out of self-life into life divine ;
With unearthly radiance make my face to shine ;
Of life's simplest duty let me mindful be—
“ Pitiful and courteous ”—full of charity.

To Thy sweet obedience, captive lead my soul ;
My entire being to Thy blest control ;
Whensoe'er my judgment differeth from Thine,
Show me what *Thou* thinkest, give me sight
divine.

Precious, far more precious, make Thy smile to
me,
And Thy disapproval greater pain to be.
Clearer yet and clearer let Thy light shine out ;
To Thy standard holy, bend my every thought.

Holy, rapt communion let me hold with Thee ;
Be no earthly pleasure half so sweet to me ;
To Thyself my spirit mightily allure ;
Make me love to linger in Thy Presence pure.

Let that wondrous Presence, as with magic charm,
Soothe my restless spirit into holy calm ;
Stronger than the strongest earthly influence be ;
My whole soul uplifting into purity.

Sweet, O sweet the refuge in Thine arms for me
From the Tempter's charges—from his tyranny !
Precious the assurance that, while hiding there,
Vain his accusations—in Thy sight I'm fair.

Fill this heart—so narrow—with a love like Thine
For my fellow-sinners ; love so pure, divine,
That—of self unmindful—I their cause will plead,
With prevailing power for them intercede.

Now, O tender Saviour, in Thy listening ear
I have told my longings, I have breathed my
prayer ;

Let Thy peace descending all my spirit fill,
Every thought subduing to Thy blessed will.

Hymn for Whitsuntide.

Suggested by a Hymn written by THOMAS TOKE LYNCH, 1819-1871.

HOLY Spirit dwell with me ;
Make me holy, like to Thee ;
Bring Thou every thought of mine
Into harmony with Thine ;
Fix on Christ my steadfast gaze,
Till I lose myself in praise.

Loving Spirit, dwell with me ;
Make me loving like to Thee ;
With a tenderness Divine
Fill, oh fill this heart of mine !
And, by acts that bless and cheer,
Show that Thou art dwelling there.

Quiet Spirit, dwell with me,
I would meek and quiet be ;
Spread within my heart abroad

Heavenly peace—the peace of God ;
Calm my anxious, troubled breast,
Hush my spirit into rest.

Lowly Spirit, dwell with me ;
Let my spirit lowly be ;
Check, subdue, my subtle pride ;
Let it not within me hide ;
From self-love, oh, set me free !
Take the place of self in me.

Heavenly Spirit, dwell with me,
I would heavenly-minded be ;
Upward lift this earth-bound soul,
Worldly thoughts and ways control ;
Let my heart one Sovereign own,
Christ its centre—Christ alone.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me ;
In my spirit mighty be ;
May my every look and tone

Thy subduing power make known ;
Of my heart the Conquerer be,
Triumph o'er the sin in me !

Joyous Spirit, dwell with me ;
Make me joyous, glad and free ;
Buoyant in the midst of care,
Jubilant through faith and prayer ;
Show me Jesus ; let His smile
All my earthly way beguile.

Glorious Spirit, *fill* thou me !
I resign myself to Thee ;
Take me, body, spirit, soul,
Let Thy life pervade the whole ;
To its depths my being stir,
Print my Master's likeness there.

“ Mine Eyes are Ever Toward the Lord.”

“ And they gnashed upon him with their teeth ; but he, being full of the Holy Ghost, LOOKED UP STEADFASTLY into heaven.”—ACTS vii., 55.

U P to Thy Face I lift mine eyes,
And calm, unwavering, hold them there ;
For sins and fears and foes arise,
Which else would drive me to despair.

I need not fear the battle now ;
'Tis simply betwixt them and Thee ;
Thy part it is to lay them low ;
To trust and rest belongs to me.

All is as nothing unto Thee,
Thou mighty, wonder-working God,
While I my foes refuse to see,
And, fearless, turn me heavenward.

Even this heavy load of sin,
Which oft doth hide Thy blessed Face,
Shall yield to Thy great power within,
To Thine all-conquering might and grace.

Confused I may be, cold and hard,
Sore tempted, driven, weak, depressed—
It matters not ; mine eyes, dear Lord,
Turned from myself, on Thee shall rest.

With look expectant, steadfast, calm,
Fixed on Thy dear and matchless Face,
I wait the strength of Thy right Arm,
I wait Thy power, I wait Thy grace.

And though my foes may do their worst,
And rage and threaten—chide, condemn—
I care not ; all is now reversed,
And they are powerless to harm.

“None of Self, and all of Thee.”

LORD, empty, cleanse me—then enlarge
and fill—

Fill with Thyself—soul, body, heart and mind !
Touch Thou this self till it shall shrink and die,
Leaving no vestige of its form behind.

With Thee, against it, O my Lord, I join ;
Hid in Thy Person, I from it am free ;
Take Thine own way its might to overcome ;
I hand it over from this hour to Thee.

Let it have place no more within me ; be its sway
Forever broken, its power forever gone ;
Thou, who art “stronger than the strong man
armed,”

Rise in Thy might, and occupy Thy Throne !

Lift up Thyself ! the tumult of Thy foes
Forever silence—let it wholly cease ;

Assert Thy rights, and rule Thou in their midst ;
Bring in, forthwith, Thy reign of perfect peace !

There, O my King, assume Thou full control ;
Each thought, each impulse, to Thyself subdue ;
There, in my stead, do Thou the will of God,
And mould, and shape, and fashion me anew.

Make strong my will ; its purpose reinforce
To be completely, altogether, Thine ;
Let me not weakly, unresisting, yield
To sin's allurements ; give me strength divine.

The charmer's voice let me refuse to hear,
How fair soever that same voice may be ;
From his enchanting snares turn Thou mine eyes,
And fix them, Christ, my King, alone on Thee !

“He is Faithful and Just to Forgive.”

O MY beloved Master,
Again I've wounded Thee!
Again have pained Thy loving Heart,
That Heart that broke for me!
I'm full of shame before Thee,
Thine Eye I cannot meet;
What can I do but cast me
At Thy dear, piercèd Feet?

Where can I go, my Master,
Where else but unto Thee
Whom I have grieved and wounded—
For who so loveth me?
And yet I fain would hide me
From the look that cuts me through
With its mingled love and sorrow,
So kind, so fond, so true!

That look! it draws, it wins me!
 'Tis stronger than my shame;
It overcomes my impulse
 To hide me from Thy blame.
I can withstand no longer,
 I flee unto Thy breast!
Once more Thine arms are round me,
 And my poor heart at rest.

E'en thus—pressed to Thy bosom—
 Thy kiss upon my cheek,
Within Thine ear I'll whisper
 The words I cannot speak;
Tell o'er the sad, sad story
 So oft rehearsed before,
And know Thou hast my burden,
 And I Thy smile once more.

O press me closer, closer!
 And, that I rove no more,

Thy cleansing, quickening life-blood
Into my being pour ;
Pierce to its inmost centre,
With Love's divinest dart,
And bind to Thee forever,
This faithless, wandering heart !

“He Must Increase, but I Must Decrease.”

L ORD, I pray Thee, help Thou me
Nothing in myself to be ;
Rid me of all inward pride,
Let this self be crucified.
If, to make me pure, Thou must
Bring me down into the dust,
Spare not ! only let me be
Made in all things like to Thee.

From all carnal thoughts and ways,
From all love of human praise,
From all restless, vain desire,
Purge me, though it be by fire.
Make me nothing, keep me low,
So the Christ within me grow ;
Hour by hour may He increase,
Till my carnal nature cease.

Let me in each moment see
Thy sweet will, my God, for me ;
And accept, with equal mind,
Dark or bright ; to all resigned.
Feeding hourly upon,
Not Thy gifts, but Thee alone ;
Self renouncing, seeking still,
Perfect union with Thy will.

Sinking into nothingness,
May I rise to heights of bliss.
O consume with sacred fire
Every earthly, vain desire !
Spare not suffering, so I be
Perfectly conformed to Thee :
Take Thy own Almighty way,
Only slay this self, I pray !

Set my very heart on fire
With such glowing, keen desire
For Thy love, Thy purity,

That it shall be joy to me
 Self to slight and crucify,
 Firmly, constantly, deny ;
 O my God, without delay,
 This vile self forever slay !

Then with power and glory fill
 All my being, Lord, until
 Thou—as sun 'mid heaven's skies—
 Shalt shine forth from my glad eyes ;
 In my softest tones be heard,
 Show Thyself in every word ;
 In my countenance serene,
 By Thy holy light be seen ;
 And in every work and way,
 Thy sweet Presence, Lord, betray.

Union With Christ.

I AM joined to Thee, my Saviour,
In a union close, divine ;
Governed by one will and purpose,
And that will and purpose Thine.
Thou, of all I have and hope for,
Hast assumed entire control,
Of each work, and care, and burden,
And the nurture of my soul.

Live and move and have Thy being,
O Thou King of kings, in me !
Check the rising of each motion
Out of harmony with Thee ;
Hold me firmly, rule me strictly,
Suffer Thou me not to speak ;
Make and keep me pure and lowly,
Nothing in myself, and meek.

Hasten, Lord, O haste the hour,
When, from self and sin set free,
Every atom of my being
Shall be touched and filled by Thee.
Let Thy power be great upon me,
Work Thou mightily within ;
Spare me not ! I yield me truly ;
Only rid of self and sin.

For this longing doth consume me !
O my Saviour, give me rest !
Lay Thy soothing Hand upon me,
Press me firmly to Thy breast.
Hold me still, lest my disquiet
With Thy working interfere ;
Show me that while on Thee gazing,
Thou wilt draw me very near.

Occupy me with Thy beauty
Till from self my eyes are turned,

And my thoughts with Thy dear Presence
Evermore alone concerned;
With this loved and loving Presence
Fill my gaze and charm my sight,
Till from seeing "Jesus Only,"
All my soul is filled with light.

Love's Quickening.

O LOVE! whose genial, quickening rays
Can stir the lifeless soul to praise,
In silence wrapped, this tranquil hour,
I wait Thy recreating power.

No more I hope for life from death,
But yield to Thy warm, quickening breath;
Quit struggling, well content to be
In vital contact, Love, with Thee.

My soul doth sink into Thy peace,
From strain and fret and care doth cease;
Into Love's ocean—vast and wide—
I drop, and yield me to the tide;

From my own life forever part,
And find—through union with Thy Heart—
Another Life, a Life Divine,
My life replaced, my Lord, by Thine.

My own forever at an end,
Thine All in All, my Heavenly Friend ;
I no more I, but merged in Thee,
From guilt and condemnation free !

Carried beyond the reach of all
That otherwise would me appall,
Into Thy merits, O my Lord,
Into Thy nature, Son of God !

Here, bathed in Love, upon Thy breast,
From all self-effort let me rest ;
Drink in Thy Life—a full supply—
And to myself forever die.

The Brooding Spirit.

The earth was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep ; and the Spirit of God moved (was brooding) upon the face of the waters.—GEN. i., 2.

IN me, o'er me, round, above,
Let Thy quickening Spirit move ;
Changing darkness into light,
Earth-dimmed view to heavenly sight,
Earth-bound pinions into wings
Soaring up to heavenly things ;
Every finite thought and sense
To infinite eminence ;
Mighty Spirit, Wind of God,
Blow upon this earthly clod !
Through it sweep with growing force,
Freshening all things in Thy course,
Opening every avenue
Of my soul to Heavenly dew.

Penetrate each dim recess
With Thy light and blessedness,
Unlock every power and sense
To celestial influence ;
Fit my spirit—Thine abode—
For the vision of its God !

Live Out Thy Life Within Me!

That the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh.—II. COR. IV., 2.

LIVE out Thy life within me,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Be Thou Thyself the answer
To all my questionings.

Live out Thy life within me,
In all things have Thy way!
I the transparent medium
Thy glory to display.

The temple has been yielded,
And purified of sin;
Let Thy Shekinah glory
Now flash forth from within;

“And all the earth keep silence!”—
This body henceforth be

Thy silent, docile servant,
Moved but as moved by Thee ;

Its members every moment
Held subject to Thy call ;
Ready to have Thee use them,
Or be not used at all ;

Held without restless longing,
Or strain or stress or fret ;
Or chafing at Thy dealings,
Or thoughts of vain regret ;

But restful, calm, and pliant,
From bent and bias free ;
Permitting *Thee* to settle
When Thou hast need of me.

Live out Thy life within me !—
In every least detail

O let Thy purpose triumph,
Thy glorious thought prevail.

I, like yon stately vessel,
O'ercoming wind and tide—
Thyself the steam, the rudder,
The compass and the guide.

Live out Thy life within me,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Be Thou the glorious answer
To all my questionings.

Aly Heart.

“The name of the city from that day shall be, THE LORD IS THERE.”
—EZEK. xlviii., 35.

OUT of my poor heart forever—
My tired heart so vexed and worn
By its weary years of conflict—
Self has gone !

Into my blest heart forever—
There to make His lasting home—
With His pure, life-giving Presence,
Christ has come !

From His Word alone I knew it
At the first ; for felt I naught
Save corruption, conflict, weakness,
In my heart.

Dared to place above my feelings
What that Word declared as true ;
And, by faith, "put off the old man"
For the "new."

"Reckoned" self as gone forever ;
Saw a glorious Christ within—
Crucified and risen—cancelling
All my sin.

Oft as clouds, my spirit swathing,
Tended to awaken fear,
Faith would breathe the sweet assurance,
"Christ is there!"

Oft as evil, surging round me,
With its poison filled the air,
Still would sound her calm, clear whisper,
"Christ is there!"

Till, thus sweetly taught to lean on
Christ, and only Christ, within,
Found I rest from my long tyrant,
Inbred Sin.

My Father's Will.

W HATE'ER my present life below,
Whate'er my future bring of woe,
God's tender Heart to trust and know—
This bringeth peace.

My future is *My Father's will* ;
Resting thereon, my heart is still ;
It fears no fear, forebodes no ill—
So safe, so blest !

Thy will is not a thing apart,
My Father, from Thy loving heart,
A stern, hard thing, which worketh naught
Save only ill ;

It is Thy very Self—Thy thought
In love conceived and carried out,
With faithfulness and wisdom fraught,
Thy child to bless.

Upon it lay me down to rest
As babe on tender mother's breast,
Supremely satisfied and blest,
My conflict o'er.

Each moment let me take from Thee
Bitter or sweet ; whate'er may be
Just then Thy will, my God, for me,
Thy sweet, sweet will.

Curb my impatience ; hold me still ;
And self annihilate ; until
I move responsive to Thy will,
Yea, Thine alone.

Like feather borne upon the air,
So sway me, move me, anywhere,
Or up or down, or here or there,
As Thou shalt choose.

As liquid, in a form or mold,
Takes shape from that which doth it hold—
So let Thy will my own enfold,
Till one with Thine.

Then shall Thy glorious thought for me,
So far above what I can see,
Be fully carried out by Thee,
My Lord, My God !

The Inner Sanctuary.

THERE is a calm, a hallowed spot,
Deep, deep my heart within ;
A refuge from the tempter's art,
And from myself and sin.

O blissful haven of my soul !
O PRESENCE pure and sweet !
No shadow there can follow me ;
A calm and sure retreat.

No enemy can enter in,
No evil thing defile ;
While hidden there, my spirit is
A spirit without guile.

Without a fault before the Throne
I stand, in light arrayed ;
Beneath Jehovah's searching Eye,
Fearless and undismayed.

This is the picture He hath drawn
Himself, in His own Word,
Of His elect, His hidden saints,
As in the sight of God.

In the clear glass of that blest Word,
Behold thyself, my soul ;
See all thy being lost in Him,
In Him made fair and whole.

Then go thy way, forgetting not
How He regardeth thee,
But revelling in His light and love,
Exultant, grateful, free!

"Clothed with the Sun," on high remain,
"The moon beneath thy feet ;"
Thy changing moods regarding not,
In Him ALWAYS complete.

“Christ and the Church.”

“Come hither, I will show thee the Bride, the Lamb's wife.”—REV.
xxi., 9.

“This is a great mystery ; but I speak concerning Christ and the Church.

“Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself for it ; . . . that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing ; but that it should be holy and without blemish.”—EPH.
v., 30, 25, 27.

YEA, thou art Mine, Belovèd,
And My desire toward thee ; Cant. vii., 10.
Forget thine own, Thy father's house, Ps. xlv., 10, 11.
Think only upon Me ;
From claims of earth and kindred
I call Thee to be free ; II Cor. vi., 17.
And to Thy Royal Bridegroom
Forever separate be.

What though Thou *art* unworthy, Cant. i., 6.
In Thy own sight unfair ;
My comeliness is on Thee, Ezek. xvi., 14.
My beauty Thou dost wear ; Ps. xc., 17.
Of My royal grace and glory

I've made Thee to partake ;
So now I count Thee worthy ;
Thou'rt lovely for My sake.

Jno. xvii., 22.

Let Me see thy face, My fair one,
Thy voice, O let Me hear ;
For " thy countenance is comely,
Thy voice sweet " to Mine ear ;
Let Me see thy face, I pray thee,
For then thy gaze shall be
Withdrawn from thine own features,
And fastened upon Me.

Cant. ii., 14.

Isa. xxxiii., 17.

So shalt thou catch the glory
Thou seest in My face,
And so attain My likeness,
My beauty and My grace.
Look up! My dove, My fair one,
Look up! that thou may'st see
The smile, so fond and tender,
That resteth upon thee.

II Cor. iii., 18.

"Rise up, My love, My fair one,
 Rise up, and come away!" Cant. ii., 10.
 For though 'tis now toward evening,
 Vast heights beyond thee lay.
 "Look from the top of Hermon," * Cant. iv., 8.
 Its rugged peaks beyond,
 And let the vision lure thee
 To Beulah's heavenly ground.

Sit down beneath My shadow, Cant. ii., 3.
 Sit down with great delight;
 My banner floats above thee, Cant. ii., 4.
 Its folds with love are bright;
 My feast—Divine memorial
 Of life outpoured for thee— Luke xxii., 19, 20.
 With its blest Food stands ready,
 Thy sustenance to be.

Like John—My loved Disciple—
 Lean ever on My breast; Jno. xiii., 25.

* Hermon, *rugged*.

Who *take* the love I give them,
Are they whom I love best ;
Let fear and condemnation
No more impede thy way,
But light and glory crown thee
Unto the perfect day.

Prov. iv., 18.

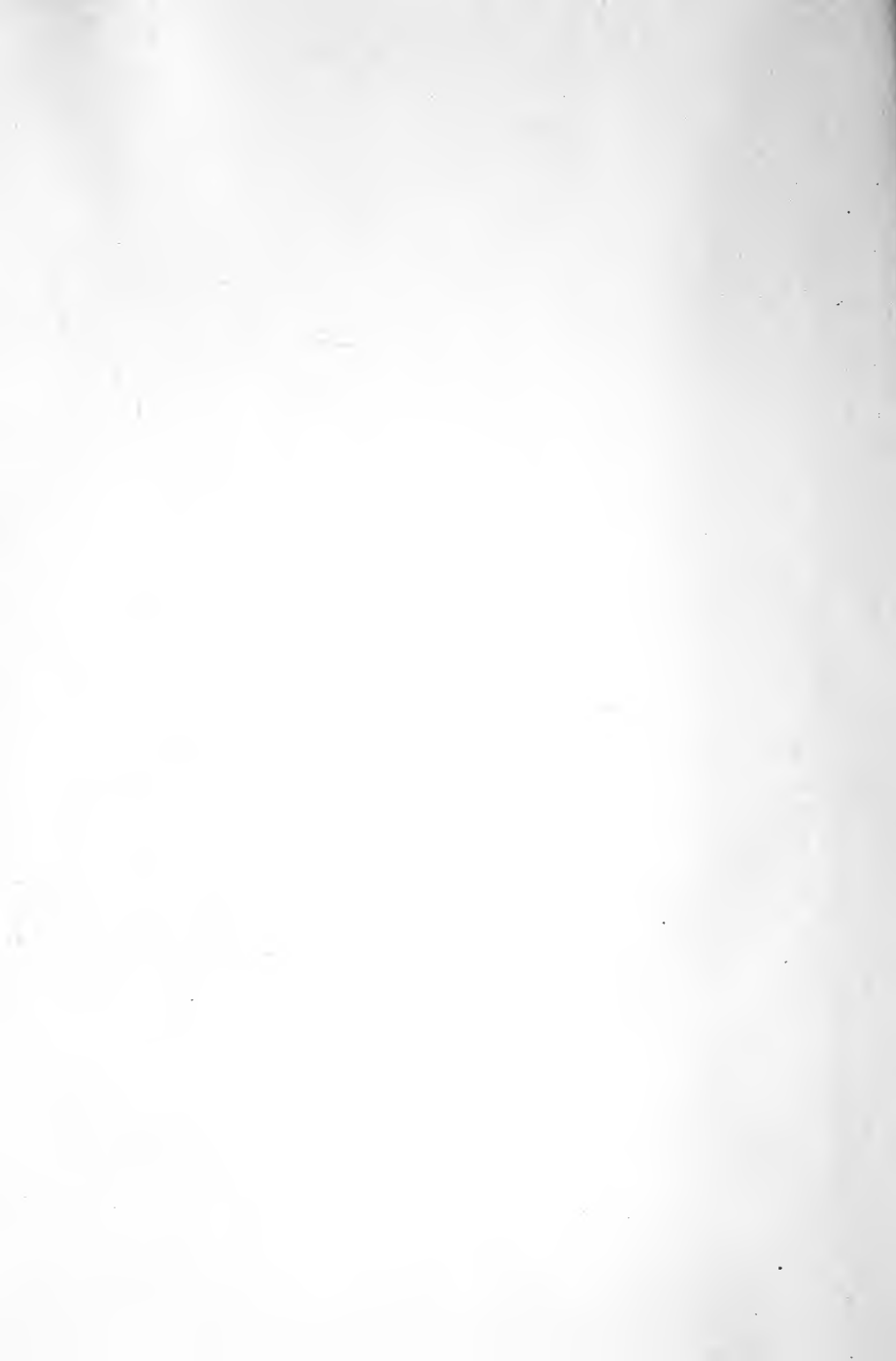
The Abiding Presence.

EVER abiding, deep, deep in my heart,
Art Thou, my Belovèd, my King!
What God hath so joined, none asunder shall part,
So with gladness to Thee will I sing.
I am Thy own—all, all Thy own ;
None have a right to me save Thou alone ;
This all my song that I belong
Only unto Jesus!

Keep me retired with Thee in my heart,
And subject to Thy loved control ;
Recall me if e'er I'm inclined to depart,
And make Thyself felt in my soul.
Shut up to Thee, O keep Thou me !
From earth forever and wholly set free ;
That I may be only for Thee,
Evermore, O Jesus!

Thy Name on my forehead hath set me apart
For Thy single use and design ;
O make me according to Thy loving Heart,
And fulfill all Thy purpose Divine ;
Close, close to Thee, O hold Thou me !
Set me from pride and from self wholly free ;
So I may be much used of Thee,
Evermore, O Jesus !

Draw Thou with sweet, inward motions my heart,
In rapture o'erwhelming to Thine ;
Nevermore let Thy bright, inner glory depart,
But its light on my countenance shine.
Keep Thou my heart with Thee apart ;
Calm, recollected, and free from all art ;
Ready on lowliest errand to start,
Only "All for Jesus !"



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 165 486 3